

The Hybrid

by Azusa Mukami

Category: Diabolik Lovers/ãf†ã,£ã,¢ãæãfªãffã,¬ãf@ãf´ã,¡ãf¼ã,°, Harry Potter
Genre: Friendship, Humor
Language: English
Characters: Azusa M., Harry P., Karlheniz/Tougo S./Reinhart
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2016-04-10 22:37:04
Updated: 2016-04-10 22:37:04
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:18:33
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,749
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: What if after Voldemort was vanquished, Harry Potter was betrayed by his friends, and then committed suicide by going into The Veil in which Sirius also went into; however, he was reborn as Azusa Mukami.

The Hybrid

****Original Plot:**** In the original anime, Azusa Mukami was a fragile boy with a troublesome past. After his parents abandoned him, Azusa was found by three children- Justin, Melissa, and Christina- and accepted into their group. Unfortunately, the young boy was not just a normal member of the trio- no, he was their punching bag. After a while of them taking their frustrations out upon him, Azusa began to enjoy it, his sense of right and wrong twisting severely. In the end, the quartet went on their greatest thievery yet, but were captured and sentenced to death immediately. Azusa was the only one who remained- after getting caught by a policeman- he was taken to the orphanage meeting his future brothers: Ruki, Yuma, and Kou. Together, the four treated the youngest boy nicely (or at least better than the rest), and they escaped. The first escape resulted in failure. The orphanage caretakers shot them all down with the exception of Ruki, who was branded. As they were dying, a man by the name of Karlheinz offered them a choice: to become immortal and not have to suffer like they had previously, or to die. All four chose the former, Azusa being the most hesitant.**

****Plot Twist: ****What if after Voldemort was vanquished, Harry Potter was betrayed by his friends, and then committed suicide by going into ****_****The Veil ****_****in which Sirius also went into; however, he was reborn as Mukami Azusa.**

****The Start of Something New****

The so-called orphanage was disgusting. Fresh mold grew in dark

corners of the building, the stench of regurgitated food and spilt blood wafted through the air, and the aura of the place was generally on key with its image. _Disgusting. _Originally he had come to strike a deal with the head matron to lend her children over to him with the guise of the trip being a better home for children in order to educate them, but the urge to burn the place down for even being this foul was strong.

It was odd.

Even if the institution was under the guise of an orphanage, too much of the crimson liquid lined the walls. In comparison to some of the stains, these spots were fresh and fairly addicting. Striding through the darkly lit hallways, he came across the first chess piece. An aristocrat no less- perfect. The boy sat in a puddle of his own blood, the life force slowly draining from his body. This changed when he agreed to the promise of immortality, his eyes shining with hunger and a desire for revenge. The man found, to his immense pleasure, that there were two more orphans on the brink of death as well. No human could resist the call of immortality. None. Most of the orphanage had been toured, but there were no caretakers around. Curious. Abruptly, he stopped. A human with black hair and pale skin with various cuts lay on the floor, trembling. Could this boy have associated with the others? Regardless, if he chose to accept the offer and "lived" through it, then they would have to get along regardless of the fact.

"What's this?" The man with white hair murmured as the boy's eyes snapped open.

The boy's eyes that were originally gray turned a startling emerald green-similar to his fifth son's eye color- before reverting to their original gray. Crimson eyes widened in disbelief, before the man started to laugh. What an interesting predicament he had found! Reincarnation, in a human no less! How amusing!

Karlheinz (as some may call him) had been traveling this terrain for centuries, but never before had such a phenomenal sight occurred. The boy's aura was pure gold and identical to his, however, it was still growing. The untapped magical prowess the child harbored was irresistible- there was no way the little one was escaping his grasp. With his blood running through his veins as well as the magic, the little one would be one of the most powerful persons on the planet. Karlheinz wasn't so sure on how he felt about that, but he knew that this child would not fall into anyone else's grasp. He would make sure of it; however, in order to do that...Azusa would need to be separated from the other half-breeds, or they would all go to the Sakamaki Manor. Either way, it would be better than switching between two _families _to ensure all were safe.

No, the way it was now, Cordelia would kill every child that wasn't hers. That is unacceptable. He would leave the child with his supposed family and check upon them occasionally regardless of how much of a hassle it would be. A child with this much power could be the end of him if he wasn't careful. The male sighed, scooping the child into his arms. His companions were amassed, and then transported into an abandoned manor in the middle of the forest. Disposing them on to the floor, Karlheinz made sure the refrigerator was stocked with packets filled with a thick crimson liquid before disappearing.

Harry had awoken first. Groggily, the young boy sat up wiping the crust from his eyes...? He was still alive? A low chuckle filled the silence- he would forever be fate's bitch, huh. Looking around, the first thing he noticed were the three bodies laying close to his. His eyes narrowed noticing they weren't breathing. Crawling over to the light blonde one, he grabbed the other's wrist and pressed a hand to the other's wrist- no pulse. Next he went over to the back haired one with the aristocrat face (a descendant from the Black family maybe?). No pulse. The brunette was last. Harry hesitated slightly before pressing two fingers upon the boy's wrist- no pulse.

Choking back a scream, the wizard counted to ten slowly before noticing something vital- he wasn't breathing either. A normal response would enact erratic breathing, but he wasn't breathing heavily at all. In fact...

_Calm down. It's obvious that you aren't dead, nor are you human. Okay. What creature can live without breathing air? _

_Zombies and Inferi are out of the question since I can still think and my body isn't decomposing. Therefore...I'm a vampire. I'm a fucking vampire. Now that's rich, but I'm not thirsty like the newborns are. _

A trembling finger went up to his mouth feeling a longer than average canine. Well, that confirmed things. The finger dropped. Looking over to the other three bodies, Harry couldn't help but wonder:

Are they vampires too?

Judging from their dirtied bodies and clothing, Harry could assume that they had recently escaped some sort of abusive facility. An uncomfortable sensation churned in his stomach as he looked down at his new body. Various cuts- thick and thin- marred his body. Of course, his initial body was covered in bruises with stitches and large cuts, but this was a kid who had never been in a war, or was never supposed to be.

What do I look like now?

And that was what he spent the next ten minutes doing- finding a bathroom to look in the mirror. Fate sure did have a way with irony. This body was pale and malnourished just like when he was with the Dursleys. He had a slightly feminine face- a rounded face, a small nose, and wide gray eyes. The black cloak wrapped around his body was opened to reveal a skinny body marred with partially healed cuts. _This must be the vampire blood, _Harry thought, closing the cloak.

"Azusa?! Azusa?!"

Who is Azusa?

Poking his head out of the doorway, Harry came face to chest with the brunette he had found lying on the floor earlier.

..Yuma...

Yuma? Is that who the brunette was? Yuu-ma. Another Japanese name-

joy.

"I figured you'd be here," the boy continued, his brown eyes scanning his body for any wounds (or so Harry assumed).

"I'm fine," he reassured, coughing slightly to get used to his voice. The language was definitely different than English, but somehow he was able to speak. This wasn't because of the vampire venom- was it because of his magic?

"This place is fucking huge! Kou claimed the biggest room, but he can't claim it if he doesn't find it first."
>As the boy- Yuma- continued rambling on, the wizard couldn't help but relate the brunette to Fred in a way. The Weasley twin was more amused than his twin and was usually the one planning the pranks. George was the calmer one who made sure there were no holes within the plan before initiating it. A pang of longing hit him hard. Fred had died, leaving half a soul behind. It had never been the same.<p>

"Oi, Azusa?"

Harry's eyes snapped up in recognition as he shook away the pessimistic thoughts.

"I will help...Yuma find it," Harry spoke, somehow managing to continue speaking the foreign language. He cursed internally, not knowing how else to refer to the taller boy. He had light brown hair, hazel eyes, and an aggressive face, so maybe not his brother but who knows what this kid had gone through before he was reincarnated.

Thankfully, Yuma didn't seem to notice or care about the reference. With a quick sigh of relief, Harry nodded at the hopeful gleam in Yuma's eye. It wouldn't be a hard task either- with his magic. If vampires existed, why couldn't magic? Clearing everything from his mind, the black haired boy searched his body for a particularly warm sensation. From previous experiences, his magic had been a raging inferno ready to lash out at any moment in time, but it wasn't what he wanted.

A slight flicker was all he needed, and then Harry felt whole once more. Slowly, the magic leaked from his body in small waves with the intent of finding the biggest room in the manor. Under the guise of a child, Harry (or Azusa in this life) perused different rooms in the manor until Harry's magic located the enormous room. By flooding the room with his magic, the hybrid could estimate the area of the room therefore knowing whether or not it was bigger than others. With a grin, Azusa beckoned Yuma towards the treasure, stopping at the wooden door. Sensing no other auras, the door was pushed open to reveal a large room with a king-sized bed, two dressers, and a chest. The wooden chest sat at the foot of the bed, an oddly shaped key resting on top. Large dressers pressed against the wall on opposite sides of the bed like guardians protecting royalty.

"Now this is a room fit for a King," Yuma whistled appreciatively. "You must be my lucky charm or some bull like that."

A light pink dusted his cheeks. A lucky charm. No one had ever praised him that much,

Yuma's...lucky charm.

Where was this voice coming from? Could this be the body's original soul before he "moved in"? He'd have to test it out later. The pounding of feet against the wooden floor was the only warning as the door burst open to reveal a blonde haired child with a disappointed frown. For a minute, Draco Malfoy's face replaced the child's, his silver eyes full of excitement to be at Hogwarts. Then narrow silver eyes reverted back to wide heterochromatic ones, narrow face widening, and blond hair growing long and curly. Harry exhaled quietly relieving himself of some of the tension still growing in his body.

Kou...

This was Kou, not Draco Malfoy who had escaped the war with his family not too long ago. No, this was just an innocent kid turned into a vampire, but why did something feel so wrong?

"This room is mine, Yuma!"

"No way in hell! I found it and claimed it, so it's mine!"

The blonde smirked. "Liar. You didn't find it."

"How the hell would you know that?"

"You just proved it."

Brown eyes narrowed in suspicion, but he let it go seeing the coldness in the blue eye. A fringe of blonde hair covered his right eye, but he swore he saw it turn a light orange before the blonde left. No matter, he would slip up one day. No one could keep secrets from a former gang member no matter how secretive. With a loud yawn, the brunette flopped on to the bed ignoring the two other boys. Kou scowled, turning to face Azusa who now had a distant look in his eye.

"Whatever," he huffed. "Ruki wants us to meet in the kitchen in an hour so don't be late."

The door slammed behind him causing the vase of tulips to fall on to the ground and shatter, at least, in Yuma's mind it was. As soon as the door slammed shut, Azusa snapped out of his daze, his hand stretching out instinctively to catch the vase; however, he was too far away. Instead, Harry's magic caught it. With little effort, the boy levitated the flower holder back on to the small table in which it had previously stood upon. Although it was a small task, the strain on the little one's body was a bit much due to the fact that Harry couldn't control his magic as well as he could back in his original dimension. He sighed- more practice with wandless magic and nonverbal spells. What fun.

His first mistake was not paying attention to his surroundings.

Brushing down a few flyaway strand of hair, Azusa turned to head out of his new brother's room only for a hand to stop him. More specifically, the tightness of its grasp. Beads of sweat dribbled

down his forehead as a husky yet childish voice sounded in his ear.

"Care to explain what that was, Azusa?" Hearing his name sung slowly sent chills down his spine, although he didn't show it. "I know you're going to explain this to me." The grip on his shoulder tightened, but for some odd reason, he felt content. Nonetheless, he nodded slowly. The hand was then lifted from his shoulder as the perpetrator went to lie back upon his bed.

Bloody hell...what is wrong with me?

"Magic," he stated softly, and that was that.

An hour later, the four sat down in the dining room, an unsettling silence hanging above them. While Ruki and Kou sat on the left side, Yuma and Azusa sat on the right. This particular silence, however, conveyed different things to each member. For Ruki, it was a chance to sort out all of the proceedings of what had happened in the last day or so. To Kou, the atmosphere was slightly awkward considering he liked to converse with others; however, it too gave him a chance to analyze the proceedings of yesterday, and be thankful that he had escaped the hell hole. In retrospect, years later, the blonde would question whether or not he had truly been freed from Hell. Yuma was different. With the quiet, it only made him restless. While the other two analyzed events prior to the awakening, the brunette wanted nothing more than to test his new found strength. On what? A tree-strong, sturdy, and _big_. Azusa was the only one who thought of the awakening as a curse.

_I refuse to drink human blood, _he thought sourly, glancing down at his fingers. Currently, a small pebble made circles upon his hand via magic, but only a little. He could only do so much without exhausting his (still massive) reserves. _There should be some animals around, or blood bags...I guess the vegetarian diet dream is finally coming true._

* * *

><p>Yo,

**Besides my apparent sick leave for about a year, I'm back! I had a recent bout with an illness known as lung cancer for awhile now, and it's somewhat better. This idea came from my sister, and I thought, why not try it out? This fan fiction is dedicated to my sis, and my Kiksters who gave me support and a will to move on. Thanks a lot guys, and no matter what I say, or do, I will always appreciate it.
**

End
file.